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Hollee Sheet



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CENTURY
20th
ISSUE

The Word Of Mann

FOR
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ADULTS
ONLY

A FACTUAL SATIRICAL CENTENIAL PERIODICAL



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VOLUME 1

20th CENTURY

WHO KILLED J.F.K.?	2
THE BREATH OF GOD	6
BLEND	7
SHUNGA	8
VIETNAM DIARY	14
A CHILD'S GARDEN OF FOREIGNERS	17
AMERICA THE BEAUTIFUL	20

John Mann, founder of the John Hazeltwig Society — an obversive limp wing organization which advocates the overhaul of the existing system by farce — has devoted countless years to prepare the most timely and up to date magazine of the century. Here, in this leftover space he brings you:

The Holee Sheet Philosophy

1. In a universe where everything is holy nothing is sacred.
2. The only crime which obscenity has been known to stimulate is censorship.
3. It is better to be high than low.
4. Longwindedness is not one of the better forms of communication.
5. It is time to forgive ourselves and each other for we are all but a pack of apes attempting to evolve.
6. Until we can laugh at our tragedy we must continue to weep at our comedy.
7. Yes, Virginia, there is an Aquarian Age.

The following is the complete transcript of the 30 minute live television broadcast which provided a final answer to that long dangling question which has haunted our baffled hearts for so many years:

WHO
KILLED

J.F.K.

On screen is a marble cross casting a long shadow upon the lawn. (Music: first four notes of Beethoven's Fifth.)

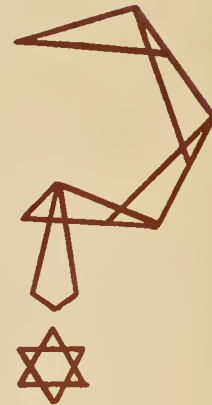
ANNOUNCER'S VOICE: Breaths there a man in Christendom who does not recall that fateful Friday in April? *Scene shifts to a busy street in a typical First Century Middle Eastern village.* It began like any other day. The sundial in the center of downtown Jerusalem read 2:58 P.M. as the people of the city went about their business oblivious of the epoch shattering tragedy which hovered only moments away. *Scene shifts to silhouette of three crosses on hilltop.* On nearby Mount Calvary a happy throng of sports fans sipped cokes and munched hot dogs as they watched the annual cross-hanging endurance championship tournaments. The spectators cheered the popular figure suspended on the center crucifix. Hats and confetti were tossed in the air to applaud the 33 year old Saviour of Judea, Jesus Fitzjoseph Krist - known to an adoring nation as J.F.K. Earlier that morning before a gathering of newsmen the young saviour had expressed hopes of surpassing the 5 hour and 47 minute cross-hanging record established in 31 A.D. by Lazarus Longbody. Now in the sunshine of late afternoon as the saviour neared the completion of his third hour of suspension he was given refreshments from a moistened sponge. Assistant referee Linus Harvius, wearing his official centurion helmet and firmly grasping his symbolic lance, had just finished a routine inspection of the two other competitors and now

resumed his position at the foot of the central cross. Then it happened. Suddenly, as though possessed by some terrible demon the face of Linus Harvius became evilly twisted. In the same instant his lance arm jerked upward in a swift and violent movement thrusting the spearpoint into the sacred heart of our Late Beloved Saviour. Those of us at home listening to our radios that day will never forget the shrill cry: "Eli, Eli, Lama Sabachthani!?" -- "Father, Father, Why Hast Thou Forsaken Me?", the confused murmur from the spectators, the tense silence while we waited and wondered. Then, finally, the announcer's voice with its chilling and sobering message: "Ladies and gentlemen, the Second Person of the Blessed Trinity is dead."

Confusion and indignation curdled our hearts as we felt our basic securities crumble. "Why?", we asked one another. "Why!?" an entire world fairly shrieked. Moments later Sacred Service agents arrived on the spot to arrest and interrogate the suspected assassin. It was then we realized that we may never know why. Linus Harvius was also dead - the victim of causes unknown.

Vice saviour Simon Peters was quickly sworn into his new office and flown back to Rome. The enigmatic double death became shrouded in greater mystery three days later when a team of Vatican officials arrived at the former saviour's tomb and found that his body was missing. Bewilderment swept across nations. The new saviour ordered a complete investigation of all the circumstances surrounding the Good Friday incident. To undertake this task he chose a special commission headed by Chief Justice Pearl Moron. After many weeks of exhaustive research, Senators Mathews, Markberg, Lucas and Johns published their findings in the 4000 page Moron Report. They concluded that Linus Harvius was a drop out from Sunday School who had become deeply embroiled in heretic activities and eventually was hired by Yiddish Reds to carry out their dirty work. In short - the Jews killed Krist.

Anxious to resolve the mystery the public accepted the verdict as gospel truth. The matter seemed closed. But as time wore on and the world regained its equilibrium doubts crept up. Errors and contradictions were found in the report. New evidence was uncovered. The most revealing piece of evidence so far is the 50 feet of motion picture film taken on the spot by Abraham Zebedee with his 8mm Boler Platex camera, Mr. Zebedee had been gathering random footage for his forthcoming



Horrorcolor spectacular entitled The Straightest Gory Ever Ghoulded starring the original cast. He was standing behind the bleachers filming a long-shot of the three occupied crosses when the tragedy took place. Trembling and paralyzed with grief he raced to the nearest telephone where he offered the film strip to Life magazine for \$25,000. The editors of Life withheld publishing these pictures at the time because they planned to introduce them two years later in a special edition on Early Christian Civilization. The eventual release of these pictures launched an unprecedented public controversy. Firstly, because Life charged 75¢ a copy for that issue. And secondly, because of the new light which they shed upon the mystery. It is these 50 feet of film which form the basis of tonight's television broadcast.

SECOND ANNOUNCER'S VOICE:

Ladies and gentlemen, the makers of BENT cigarets - the cigaret with the thinking man's cancer - present:

SIX SECONDS ON CALVARY

A depth probe into the eternal mystery:

Who killed J.F.K.?

Scene is the T.V. studio. Moderator and four guests are seated on the panel.

MODERATOR: This evening we are privileged to have with us four of the foremost experts on the J.F.K. assassination. On my far right is Colonel Bleakly Funk, officer of the Royal Medics, who examined the ex-saviour's body before it was commended to the eternal-resting place from which it disappeared three days later.

Seated next to Colonel Funk is Commander J. Thorny Crownwell, head of her Majesty's Sacred Service.

On my left is Agent J. Arthur Killman of the C. I. A.

Now a word of explanation about the presence of our 4th guest. His Holiness Pope Passive III was originally scheduled to appear on tonight's program. However, only a few hours ago His Holiness was rushed to an emergency hospital in Mexico City where he is at this moment undergoing a very serious abortion. In his stead we are more than honored to have with us His Grace the Archbishop of Camembert, known to his churchmen as the Big Cheese.

Perhaps you can begin the discussion, Commander.

I understand that you examined the cadaver of Linus Harvius. Is that correct?

CROWNWELL: Yes, I looked him over a bit.

MODERATOR: What, in your opinion was the cause of his expiration?

CROWNWELL: Harvius expired from holding his breath beyond the limits of human endurance.

MODERATOR: But I thought that such a feat was physically impossible.

CROWNWELL: It was - prior to this incident. Now it is regarded as medically rare.

MODERATOR: How did you determine that this was the cause of his death?

CROWNWELL: Elementry. When I examined the corpse it was still holding its breath.

MODERATOR: Colonel Funk you examined the saviour's body immediately after his death. Isn't that so?

FUNK: That is correct.

MODERATOR: Was there any question about the cause of

his death?

FUNK: At first I had every reason to believe that the lance wound was the cause of death. But after the ambulance had left with the body I chanced to inspect one of the vinegar sponges...

MODERATOR: One of the kind they were using to moisten his lips?

FUNK: Precisely.

MODERATOR: And what did you find?

FUNK: I detected on the sponge the distinct odor of bitter almonds.

CROWNWELL: Great Scott!

MODERATOR: Cyanide of Uranium?!

MODERATOR: Why was this never brought out in the Moron Commission's Report?

FUNK: I wish I knew. I personally delivered the cyanide soaked sponge to Chief Justice Pearl Moron. He thanked me, and that was the last I ever heard of the sponge — or of the Chief Justice for that matter.

MODERATOR: Assuming that your analysis was correct, Colonel, there must have been two assassins: Linus Harvius and the sponge bearer.

FUNK: Correction: Two potential assassins; but only one successful. Let me demonstrate. May we run the film? *Shift to motion picture screen. Film commences showing crucifixion.*

FUNK: Now you will notice that the waterboy is holding the sponge to the saviour's mouth, while he - to put it biblically - partakes of the moisture therefrom. Observe how he lifts his head; how his gaze turns upward toward the Hertz sign on top of the cross; the look of dazed agony upon his face. Then — his head drops just as Harvius' spear moves upward and into his poor dear heart. Now - could we have the last few feet again. Slowly this time. One frame at a time. Good. Now, watch carefully. His head is dropping. Also his chest is deflating. The lance is just starting to move upward. The head completes its downward movement. The saviour's body is now motionless. And - one - two - three frames later the lance rips through his breast. Which means — at the original shooting speed of 24 frames per second — our late lord had passed on to greener pastures one eighth of a second before the lance did its messy business.

CROWNWELL: Great Scott!

MODERATOR: Then Linus Harvius was not the real assassin, but merely ...

FUNK: Merely a corpse mutilator.

ARCHBISHOP: This is impossible. It is contrary to all accepted dogma. It's - it's theologically illogical.

CROWNWELL: I find a serious flaw in your otherwise fascinating theory, Colonel. Numerous witnesses agree that they heard him cry out, "Eli, Eli, Lama Sabachthani!?" an instant after the spear struck home. If so, then our late lord was not yet late.

FUNK: Balderdash! You can't expect us to believe that the camera would have the temerity to lie.

ARCHBISHOP: Oh, blast your blooming, bloody, blinking camera! Pardon my French, gentlemen, but who are we to say that the All-merciful does not have the license to incline his head and exhale upon occasion. I am sure he had his reasons for he is known to move in strange ways.

MODERATOR: CROWNWELL: Nonsense! Bond is the finest marksman in Her Majesty's Service. If Bond was aiming at Krist, Bond got his man.

Agent Killman, you've made no comment as yet. KILLMAN: Bond was not aiming at Krist.

What do you make of all this? FUNK: But...

KILLMAN: Look again at the weapon.

CROWNWELL: I say! There is something odd about it. But I can't seem to...

KILLMAN: What Bond is employing is a double barrel adaptation of the original Tasmanian model.

KILLMAN: I think we're FUNK: A double barrel fart-dart?! But how could he possibly...

on the wrong track. If KILLMAN: Here is a physical profile on Bond borrowed from Her Majesty's files. According to Mr. Zebedee was shooting with an 8mm Boler this document Double-O-Seven is one of those rare specimens with a double-O-bung-hole.

Platex, we've been using the wrong screen. The Platex CROWNWELL: It just goes to show: you can know a man for years and not really know him.

is designed for 8mm home FUNK: But why a double barrel fart-dart? Bond only needed one shot.

movies in cinemascope. If the KILLMAN: Witness the diverse angles of the two barrels.

projection man could switch to FUNK: But... That's absurd. They seem to be pointing left and right; to the two thieves on the other crosses.

the super-screen... there, that's CROWNWELL: The two thieves? Great Scott! We completely forgot about them better. We were missing half the picture. Now, can we re-run the spear-what with all the commotion. They still must be hanging there.

sponge sequence? Good. Take it slower FUNK: Fantastic! They'll have set a new world record. Nearly five years.

here... O.K. Stop there. No, back two A tough one to beat.

frames, please. That's fine. Now, examine ARCHBISHOP: The poor blokes are probably cold and hungry.

the lower right hand corner. What do you KILLMAN: They're dead.

see? THE OTHERS: Dead?!

FUNK: But how?

FUNK: A black smudge. Dirt on the film, eh what? KILLMAN: Bond. The fart-dart.

KILLMAN: Can we enlarge the image? Thank you. CROWNWELL: But why should Bond want to exterminate two innocent thieves?

CROWNWELL: Yes, yes! I can make it out. A human FUNK: Right. 007 wouldn't give a blast for small quarry like that.

figure of some sort. KILLMAN: Take a better look at their faces, gentlemen. These are two of the biggest big time operators on record.

KILLMAN: Can we blow it up some more? Yes, that should do it. CROWNWELL: I must say, the faces do look familiar. I'm sure I've seen them somewhere in our files.

FUNK: Wait! I know that face. It's - it's - Great Scott! KILLMAN: Take special note of the luminous effluence about the cranial regions; fading rapidly in the last few frames, of course but still detectable.

It's Double-O-Seven. FUNK: But I still don't...

CROWNWELL: No doubt about it. It's Bond all right. KILLMAN: Here, compare them to the faces in this miniture by Tintoretto

FUNK: But what's that he's doing? CROWNWELL: Great Scott! Do you mean it's THEM!?

ARCHBISHOP: Unless my eyes deceive me, he appears to be deflowering himself rectally with a pogo-stick. KILLMAN: Precisely.

CROWNWELL: Ridiculous! I've known Bond for seven years and can vouch personally for his heterosexuality. FUNK: Good Lord! It's the Father and the Holy Ghost.

FUNK: No one's casting any doubts on Bond's manhood, Commander. KILLMAN: In the flesh.

Nothing's been said as to whether it is a male or a female pogo-stick. ARCHBISHOP: Do you mean to say that they had the whole bloody Trinity strung up on Calvary?

ARCHBISHOP: That's preposterous. Who ever heard of a female pogo-stick? If there were such things we'd have most the clergy of France riding them about the town instead of bicycles. Haw, haw, haw! KILLMAN: That's the way it lines up.

FUNK: Does His Grace have any idea what kind of sticks our own clergy'd find most appealing. CROWNWELL: Caught in the assassin's crossfire. Poor devils never had a chance.

MODERATOR: Gentlemen, please. We're straying from the issue. FUNK: But there were only two darts. So that still doesn't explain who killed Krist.

KILLMAN: As a matter of fact the article which Bond is - ah - sphincterally embracing is not a pogo-stick. KILLMAN: Krist's death was an accident.

ARCHBISHOP: Not a pogo-stick?! THE OTHERS: An accident?!

CROWNWELL: Great Scott! KILLMAN: Yes, an accident for which Bond was indirectly responsible.

FUNK: Incredible: But what... CROWNWELL: But how?

KILLMAN: Actually it is a Lower Tasmanian, gas operated, curare tipped, projectile launching blowgun - known among the international spy set as the fart-dart. KILLMAN: Gentlemen, what I am about to tell you must not be repeated

CROWNWELL: Great Scott! The deadly fart-dart?!

FUNK: But that's impossible. Bond's posterior is a good 120 feet away from target. The weapon would be useless at that range.

KILLMAN: Unless he were using a booster charge.

FUNK: Booster charge?

KILLMAN: I have here an affidavit signed by the owner and three waitresses from Barnaby's Bean House. On Thursday, the eve of the assassination, Bond spent six hours in the restaurant gorging himself on bowl after bowl of Boston Baked Beans.

CROWNWELL: Fortifying himself for the lethal labors of the following day.

FUNK: Then it was Bond who killed J.F.K.

KILLMAN: Wrong again. Bond did not kill Krist.

outside of this television studio. Do I have your solemn oaths?

THE OTHERS: Yes... Of course... You can depend on us, my boy.

KILLMAN: Our late beloved saviour was at that time engaged in an assassination plot of his own design. He had commissioned Bond to eliminate the Father and the Ghost in one foul blow, so to speak.

With them out of the way he would have the highest office to himself.

CROWNWELL: Great Scott!

FUNK: Incredible.

ARCHBISHOP: It's hard to digest all this at once.

KILLMAN: Yes. So were the beans hard to digest. And that was where our late beloved's Grand Scheme went wrong. It was one of Linus Harvius' duties as referee to mark the completion of each hour of successful suspension by touching a contestant's breast with his symbolic lance. While he was carrying out this function Bond was off in the sidelines performing his dirty business.

FUNK: Ah, I see. The beans.

KILLMAN: Quite right. The odor from Bond's blast reached the unfortunate centurion just as he was making the symbolic gesture. This not only caused him to miscalculate the exact force with which his spear tapped the young lord's breast, but also paralyzed his nostrils and rendered him incapable of any further inhalation for horror of the ghastly gas.

CROWNWELL: And he ultimately expired holding his breath.

KILLMAN: As you have confirmed in your own diagnosis, Commander.

FUNK: And the cry: "Eli, Eli, Lama Sabachthani? !" ...?

KILLMAN: Neither did it come from the saviour's lips, nor was it Hebraic for "Father, why hast thou forsaken me?". That strangulating utterance escaped from the throat of Linus Harvius, who was speaking - in the Latin Vulgate - syllables of curiously similar intonation, which translate as follows; "It's not so much the stench as the way it makes your eyes water."

FUNK: Incredible!

CROWNWELL: Uncanny!

ARCHBISHOP: The engineer of a cosmic plot hoisted on his own shish-kebab.

FUNK: The best layed plans of mice and men, I always say.

KILLMAN: Yes. At the risk of a bad pun, our late lord's Divine Plan may be said to have literally backfired.

FUNK: But what of the saviour's missing body?

KILLMAN: Holiday season in the Holy Lands. Hordes of American tourists. You know how they are about souvenirs.

MODERATOR: So there we have it, ladies and gentlemen - The answer to history's two greatest mysteries: Who killed J.F.K.? and Is God dead?

FUNK: Unless there's a Fourth Person of the Blessed Trinity knocking about somewhere.

ARCHBISHOP: I still find it difficult to accept - the Rock of Ages snuffed by a bowl of beans.

j.m.

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the breath of god

Mary Jane Superweed

Letters from readers to the authoress of The Marijuana Consumer's and Dealer's Guide

Dear Miss Superweed,

My friends tell me there is something, I think they called red cannabis oil that is supposed to be stronger than grass or hash. Is there such? Can it be made in your kitchen like the other formulas in your book?

Seeker of Higher States

Dear Seeker,

You must mean red oil of cannabis. The process is too long to describe here and requires complex equipment and a professional knowledge of lab procedures. It is not a very economical method. 40 pounds of marijuana are needed to make about 10 grams (10 trips) of red oil. The interested hobbyist can find the formula on page 756 of the American Pharmaceutical Association Journal, Scientific Edition Number 49, (1960)

Dear Mary Jane Superweed:

I think the magic mushroom is just a magic myth. I was down to Oaxaca last October and ate at least a dozen dried mushrooms, but nothing happened.

Disappointed

Dear Disappointed,

Dried psilocybe mushrooms lose most of their power if you want fresh mushrooms you will have to return to Mexico while they are in season during the early summer just after the rainy spell. A dozen fresh mushrooms will be too much. Try starting with one or two good size ones. And have a nice trip!

Dear Mary Jane,

In the Dealer's Guide you include Methyl (wood) alcohol as one of the ingredients for making L. S. D. from morning glory or morning glasse seeds. Since wood alcohol is the stuff that made many people blind during Prohibition, isn't this dangerous?

Hip But Cautious

Dear Hip But...

Wood alcohol is not an ingredient in the lysergic acid recipe. It is an extracting agent. In the final stage of the process all of the alcohol is evaporated away leaving a non-blinding, but very stoning residue.

Dear Mary Jane,

I really like getting stoned because it opens my mind to living and makes me a better human being I feel. Only trouble is it makes me clumsy, trying to function in the physical world while stoned. Also I find it impossible to read while stoned. My mind is always somewhere else or tripping out on the words, and missing the content. Many other people seem to function all night on grass; why not me?

Linda

Dear Linda

You are not the only one with this problem. Tests conducted at the Boston University School of medicine show that novice smokers tend to do poorly on number matching and psychomotor activities, while under the effects of pot. Veteran smokers, on the other hand, scored highly on these tests while unstoned and did even better after turning on. The whole problem boils down to getting used to turning on and developing confidence in your body. As Djanandrum Baba says: " We never really lose control; we only fear that we have lost it." By the way, the Boston University investigation shows marijuana to be a mild intoxicant with no harmful (and possibly beneficial) physical or psychological effects.

Dear M. J. S.,

Although I think that the present marijuana laws are something worse than ridiculous, I am confident that the Lord would prefer to see us getting our "highs" in some wholesome and natural way rather than artificially with "speed" and "pot".

Rev. Ernest Vaughan

Dear R. E. V.

On the subject of speed, Lord or no Lord, I fully agree with you. But as sure as God's Green Apples are a natural food, God's Green Grass is a natural high!

All reasonable questions regarding psychedelics will be personally answered if the writer includes a stamped, self-addressed envelope. Send all letters to

BREATH OF GOD, P.O. BOX 15304, SAN FRANCISCO, CALIFORNIA



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mingle fires with the total IS
and NOW and therefore always
freshly ancient sacred slut
whom i have lushly savored
at the source of spring
and slowly climbed to august climax
letting fall my sunfire face
deep in a couch of smiles and moisture
breathing nostril rich
the uterine mists which rise
when earth-night lies in estrus
loins inflamed with sacred lust
demanding that we merge
our native solemn urge
as we have done before against this shore
suspended at the crotch of land and sea
while she
flings her body wild and wet at me
wrapping pagan arms about my knees
in tantrum screaming sprays of salty pleas
perspiring vaporous womb and life source scent

she rises
her venus lips at my penis
begs with gull-throat cries and living song
to spread her thighs to enter deep and long
that in this headward plunge i'll rise
as i have done with her below bright skies
running naked foot and open breath
upon her summer nipped breasts
playful as pan
lonely as lincoln
overblessed with pulse and need i fall
along my back with upflung sight
in fever thrills to greed eternal flesh
and thirst for blazeful night
with hungered gasps i grasp
her thighs on curved horizons
kissing warm her navel tethered moon
while gliding palms along her luminous spine
spiraling radiant drunk through carnal gulfs
deliciously i glut celestial wines
in swelling waves of astral heat
united where evolving eons beat
unbearable with shrieking ecstasies
ejaculating milky galaxies
of liquid primal flame
in godlust howling sprays
i burst within the confines of her fulness
and blend with her
in an endless orgasm of stars

john mann

五世北条氏

Classical Erotic Art of Japan

There has never been a culture in the history of this planet which has not developed some form of erotic art. Many "civilizations" during periods of confusion have attempted to hinder the continuence and evolution of this art just as misguided parents have tried to supress the natural erections of their pubescent sons. But erotic art like erotic erections cannot and will not be arrested. It will always spring back victorious and stronger for having overcome the challenge.

One such cultural history of rise, repression and rebirth may be seen in the story of Japanese Shunga painting. Shunga, which literally means "springtime pictures", has in past centuries held an honorable position throughout Eastern society. Emperors have awarded prizes to great masters for their treatments of this theme.

Daughters of aristocrats frequently received erotic scrolls from thier parents as betrothal gifts. Samurai warriors kept these paintings in their weapons cases as a victory charm, while businessmen attached wealth-gaining properties to them. Among the great artists of Japan, including such revered names as Haronobu, Utamaro, Moronobu, Kunioshi and Hokusai, there is not one who has refrained from painting Shunga. In fact erotica usually represented some 20 percent of an artists output and was often his best work for it was usually commissioned by the wealthiest patrons if not by the emperor himself.

To appreciate how the Japanese felt about Shunga it is necessary to understand the attitude of these people towards sex. Before the cultural intrusion of our Western version of Christianity the Japanese people maintained a healthful perspective about their bodies. Baths were mixed and public; therefore nudity in itself was not a likely generator of lust. Sex was a natural part of living (which it is anyway), and opportunities for its enjoyment were not particularly scarce. It was not so much an outlet for egos as it is here today, but was thought of as a joyful exercise mandatory to wellbeing. In brief, it represented no morbid obsessions.

There was a certain delicacy maintained, however. Sex was a somewhat personal concern. Shunga scrolls, it should be noted open horizontally so that they may be viewed in private. Although Japanese boys at the age of puberty were introduced through the family to a woman who would teach them the facts of life



by direct experience, girls were often sheltered until marriage from the mysteries of the flesh. Upon betrothal the mother presented her daughter with a book or scroll of shunga. This was the maidens primary education in the ways of love. The shunga woodblocks on these pages each show in one of the upper corners an open scroll portraying some phase of the wedding formalities: the betrothal, the meeting of family members, the presentation of the shunga to the bride and the nuptial ceremony. The book (often called a pillow book) was kept by the marriage bed where the bride could use it to put herself in the mood while awaiting her husband.

Because shunga pictures were often small the artist usually found it necessary to exaggerate the size of sexual parts. This gave him the opportunity to bring out exquisite detail in these organs. Legs and torso were sometimes dislocated to bring the genitals into full view. Absolute nudity is rare in Japanese erotic art. Robes, which have always been used in Japan to express mood, are the seductive element of shunga; the way they flow about the bodies of lovers, the things they conceal and reveal.

It would be impossible to trace the very beginnings of this art form, but it is known that it had reached a fairly sophisticated stage by the eighth century A.D. because physicians of that time were required by law to study shunga sex manuals. Most of the early shunga works were medical texts, but during the twelfth century erotic painting came to be accepted as an art form. Often they were accompanied by ribald tales with a moral ending. A favorite plot is that in which a man comes to satisfy his longing for a multitude of women. They prove to be more than he can handle and he returns - sapped but wiser - to his wife or monastery. It was this period (the twelfth century) which gave us the classic, Tale of Genji in which there is a mention of shunga in the story of a young prince who paints erotic scenes to sustain his lady while he is away.



The transfer of the capital to Edo (Tokyo), the turning away from austere Medieval Buddhist attitudes, the development of Ukiyo-e or the Floating World style of painting - with its fondness for everyday pleasures, and the arrival to the Orient of printing techniques all helped to bring about Japan's renaissance in the 1600's. Judging from the amount of shunga turned out on the early presses this type of art must have been in great demand. In fact it was many years before any non-erotic works were printed.

In 1722 the Japanese government banned shunga, but not because of any official distaste for springtime paintings. The law was evoked only when hints of political blasphemy were noted in the opus. Needless to say, the bans stimulated an unprecedented popular fascination for sex pictures.

In the mid-1800's Perry's fleet arrived overwhelming Japan with Western notions as only the West can overwhelm. In 1889 the Japanese government had outlawed erotic art including the ordinary occidentally oriented nude. In the early 1900's a police officer's duties ranged from cloaking museum nudes with loincloths to sawing the genitals from statues. World War II was followed by the acceptance of the Western nude, but shunga today remains in bad esteem. The artist - like the proverbial prophet - is sometimes without honor in his homeland.

There appears to be a sequel unfolding, however. The West is in the throes of a rebirth in values. Liberation is the theme. One side effect is a healthy, growing interest in erotica along with all the worthwhile pleasures of which our lingering immaturity has deprived us. Those shunga paintings which have survived Japan's natural and unnatural disasters may soon find their way from concealment to the view of an appreciative public - ourselves.

john mann









COLORING BOOK P.O. BOX 15304
SAN FRANCISCO, CALIFORNIA. 94115

• ○ □ ○ •
I am over 21 years of age. I am not,
have never been, and never will be
sexually deviated. I will not think evil
thoughts when I look at all the groovy
pictures in THE LITTLE PEOPLE'S OFF
-COLOR COLORING BOOK. So send
me a copy right away. Enclosed is \$2.

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please print

name

address

city

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How do you tell a child?

Spare yourself the vile and gruesome ordeal of teaching your children how men and women have used the power of love to keep the flame of life glowing from generation unto generation. ♦♦♦ Give your youngsters a copy of

The Little People's OFF-COLOR COLORING BOOK



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The incredible journal of an American hero

Tues. Apr. 22:

We've been hemmed in for past 3 days at Dung Hit Phan airstrip waiting for all hell to break loose. It could be any minute now. Tension runs high among the men. Somewhere a radio is playing. Can't make it out clearly against continuous mortar fire in background. As I draw closer I suddenly recognize the tune and my fists go hot with anger. "Turn that crap off," I shout at Corporal Hartman. (I never did like Hartman; he has a radical face). "What?", he says with a blank expression. My blood is really boiling by now so I turn it off myself. "Hey! What-cha doing? That was Joan Baez," he says. As if I didn't know. World War II it was Tokyo Rose. Now it's Joan Baez. Her songs make me sick the way she takes the name of Christ in vain & tries to tie him in with her dirty peace & brotherhood propaganda — the same Christ who's up there helping us wipe out these yellow bastards.

+

Later same afternoon: Feeling more relaxed now. Thinking maybe I shouldn't be so rough on Hartman. He's been overseas a long time. Never got to see how Baez & Dylan & all those guitar strumming Communists have been corrupting millions of people back home with a cheap desire for peace. (Reminder: Be friendly to Hartman tomorrow.)



Wed. Apr. 23: Still no sign of enemy. Tension increasing. It could

be any day now. Stop by to see Hartman and be friendly. It's not that I like him any better today (he still has a radical face), but I figure he needs a good influence to help him get rid of the brain damage from listening to Baez & her bunch. I had been depressed since last night when I saw an item in Time Magazine about increasing public assistance in the States to raise the standard of living among the poor. Just another name for Communism. The same thing we're struggling against here in Asia. Found Hartman listening to a jazz station from Tokyo. I hate jazz, but felt he was making some real progress since Baez. He offered me a drag from his cigaret. I thought it would be a good gesture to accept just to gain his confidence. Then suddenly I catch a whiff of a sweet, sickish odor & recoil in horror. "It's only grass," he says. "Most the troops use the stuff. Eases the tension. It won't hurt you." He offered the thing to me again. I slap his hand away. "What the Hell you mean won't hurt?" I say. "Start smoking that stuff & soon you'll be hooked on the hard stuff like L.S.D." "L.S.D. won't hurt you. It's nontoxic, non-habitforming & has even been used to cure alcoholics," this pot-soaked, radical-faced, smart-talking, walking encyclopedierized moron tries to tell me. "Cures

alcoholics & you say it's harmless! ? "



"I exploded. "Corporal, that reefer must have warped your brain." He looked astonished so I let him have it." Uncle Sam makes billions each year on whiskey revenues & a healthy chunk of this money comes from the same alcoholics you want to cure." "But ..." he interrupted. "But, hell!" I countered. "If Uncle Sam doesn't get those billions just how do you think he's going to pay for the bombs & bullets we need to keep this war going much less stay alive?" "Well, I never..." he said limply.

"Well, you'd better," I responded sharply. "Because anybody who blows pot, shoots L.S.D. or cures alcoholics is not only a thief, a tax evader, a traitor, a subversive & a communist, but also a killer of American G.I.'s." The joint fell from his astonished mouth & sunk beneath the mud in which we stood. I knew that I had made my point so I told him: "Soldier, I'm gonna let you off this time because we both got an enemy out there to fight. But don't you ever again let me catch you smoking that unamerican green vegetable material." I felt that I had just saved another soul from the depths of communism. My depression lifted.



Mon., Apr. 28: We still wait & nothing happens.

It could be any week now. Lieutenant Cyborg says that some of us may be moved out on a cleanup mission around

the Bhung Hol Valley in the provence of Phat Bhut. I am happy to serve Lady Liberty in any way that Uncle Sam sees fit. But I was hoping to be here when hell breaks loose at Dhung Hit Phan.



Thurs., May 1: (Communist New Year. When all the miserable Soviet slaves dance around the May pole and pray to their atheistic gods.) This black day should be stricken from the Christian calendar.



Fri., May 2: Nearly half of us were moved out at 0300 hours. We are flown eastward over the Hot Tung Delta to a makeshift landing field on the Long Dong Peninsular. Lt. Cyborg had not been very far off when he said we might be shipped to the Bhung Hol Valley. Long Dong is in the same general area as Bhung Hol. The latter is further into the hinterlands although both are in the hot, smelly lower provinces.



Sun., May 18: Led four men on patrol this morning along the Dhum Phuc River Bank. Objective: to seek out & capture or destroy remnants of enemy after big U.S. victory this past week. You can smell the dirty little commie yellow bastards hiding everywhere. Most of morning no luck. No sign of enemy. Vegetation along river has a pungent over-powering stink that'll stay in my nostrils the rest of my life. About noon we come to a clearing. Six V.C. bathing naked in river. They don't see us at first. Then they start yelling, "'melican! 'melican!" It makes my blood boil to hear these lousy little Reds mispronouncing our nationality with their dirty little yellow accents. Then one of them (must be their leader) grabs his white T-shirt from a nearby branch & waves it frantically, yelling: "Sullenda! Sullenda!" So the sneaky little bastards think they're gonna pull a fast one on us. But I'm smart to their tricks. I've read enough war comics to remember how the sneaky little Nips in World War II would pretend surrender & our boys would show them mercy & believe them not knowing that the sneaky Nips had live grenades stashed under their armpits & up their crotches & everywhere, just waiting to get next to our G.I.'s. Well I wasn't about to fall



for that old trick. So when they get close enough to see the slants of their eyes I open fire on them & down they go. They had outnumbered us 6 to 5, but we got 'em anyway. We waited two whole minutes for the grenades to go off. But nothing happened. So I crawl slowly, caustiously to examine the situation. No grenades. The little bastards are sneakier than I thought.



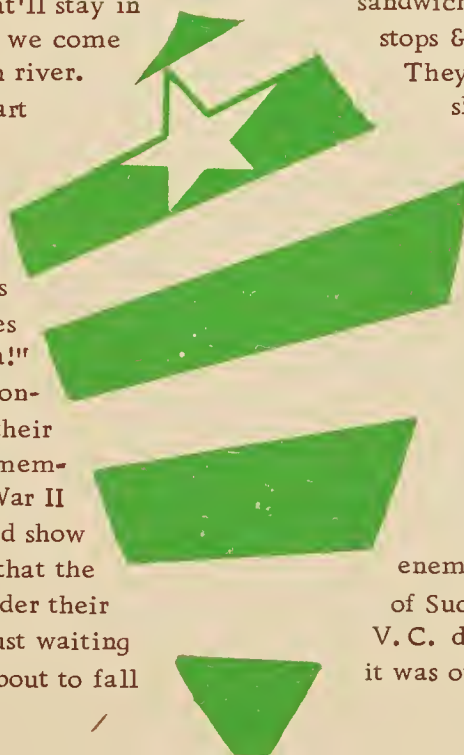
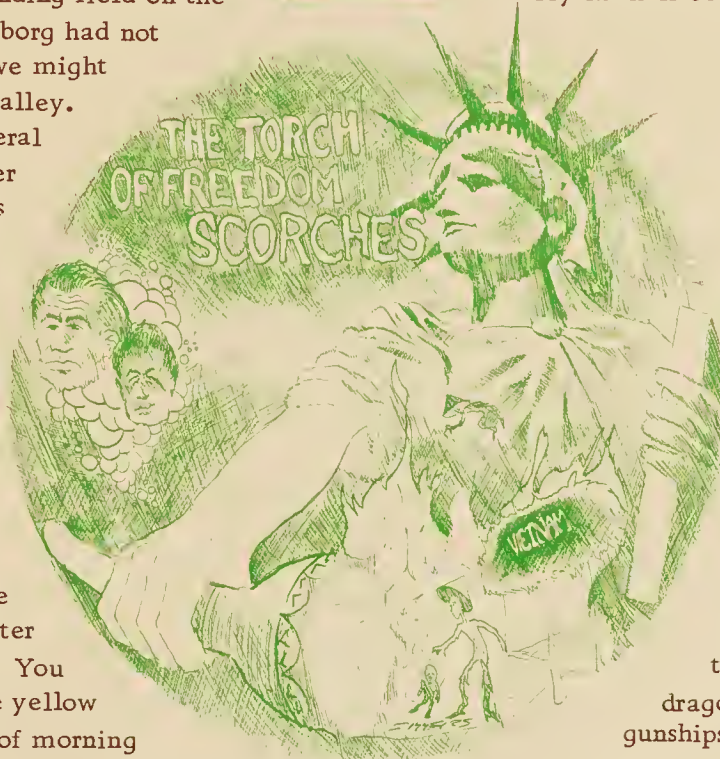
Sat., May 24: Today passed through little village of Goh Hom just north of Dham Yank. Saw M.P.'s arresting students who were passing out anti-U.S. leaflets. Full of propaganda, lies. Something about U.S. aggressors. That's a laugh - attacking our fighting men, shooting down our bombers. And they call us the aggressor! Frankly, I think it would be better if the Vietnamese would not interfere with U.S. foreign policy in their country.



Tues. May 27: We stop for lunch at a roadside teashop in some nameless village between Laong Peeg & Bhum Luc. This morning U.S. Air Force scored a successful napalm strike against V.C. guerillas 4 miles west of here. From the teashop we can watch the road and the grim procession of civilians who were caught in the attack hobbling along toward the civilian hospital in Laong Peeg. A smell of charred flesh is wafted upon the breezes of early afternoon while dragonflies - like tiny HU-1-B helicopter gunships - drone above the mutilated women & children. We order black coffee & roast pork sandwiches from the shop owner. An American jeep stops & the driver offers a ride to some of the injured. They cast suspicious glances at him and continue shuffling along the dusty road. It's a rough war to fight because so many civilians here & back home don't seem to understand our mission. A woman collapses on the road. They carry her to the shade beside the teashop. Her face, breasts & stomach are badly scorched. Not a very pretty sight. We finish our sandwiches & leave.



Sat., May 31: Pulled off a neat ambush of enemy patrol along edge of Hot Kumh forest south of Suc Mai Dong. Jesus was on our side for sure. 16 V.C. dead; no deaths or serious injuries for us. After it was over we searched their packs. In one I found a



vial of malaria tablets, a small plastic radio, a parachute flare, a stack of letters & a snapshot of some slant eyed broad holding a baby with two other brats standing beside her. On the back was some writing I couldn't read, so I asked one of the A.R.V.N. men to translate. He read: "My beloved wife, Thianh & my three dear children, Lan, Sien & little Tai, who I may never see again. May God protect them and bring peace to our country." That was all I could take. It was making me sick. Planting sympathy arousing material on their robot soldiers to try and soften our troops by making us think they're human like us. Those commies will stoop to any trick, but we're not fooled that easily. Private Potterfield shows me a picture of Ho Chi Minh he found on one of the bodies. The poor, stupid little yellow suckers affectionately call him Uncle Ho while he sends them out to die. Can you beat that! It really gives me a laugh, & I bet it's giving dear old Uncle Sam quite a chuckle up there in heaven.



Sun., June 8: This may be the final entry in my journal. I may never get out of here alive. We have been fighting the past 3 days to capture Hill 869 in the northern province of Ghang Bhang. General Budnipper said that this mission could be the turning point of the war. Major Van Styx briefed us before the battle: There is a Buddhist temple near the top of Hill 869 where 16 Buddhist monks are about to cremate themselves alive as an expression of their unamerican opinions. Our job is to take the hill & exterminate these crackpots before they can destroy themselves. Then they will be statistically registered as enemy casualties instead of martyrs. The fighting has been rough. We've lost close to 200 men in the past hour. Well placed enemy machine gun makes advance impossible. There is only one slim chance for us. I instruct Corporal Brainblow to move up through the heavy brush on the eastern face of the hill while I sneak up on

the machine gun nest from the south -western side.... It went like clockwork. A couple grenades took care of the nest just in time for Brainblow to come out of the brush & hurry on up to the temple where a few healthy spurts from his flamethrower would send those ruthless, godless religious fanatics back to Nirvana where they belong. I crawl toward the temple to see if Brainblow needs any help. When I arrive he is standing in the doorway of the charred & smouldering building muttering some incoherent garbage like: "Oh my God! Oh, ne' God help me! What have I done?" He looks dazed so I slap him across the face a couple times till he comes to his senses. Then he tells me that he must have burned out the wrong building because there were only children inside. "That's too bad," I say, "This must be the school. Did you use up all the fuel?" "I've killed hundreds of innocent kids," he says & starts to blubber. I can understand how he feels.

Kids can be cute when they're young. So I try to cheer him up: "It wasn't your fault," I tell him. "Besides, that's just so many kids who won't have to grow up to be communists." That made him feel better. Soon we find the right building, but the monks have already done themselves in. No problem. A few grenades scramble the evidence of their immolation & converts these heathen martyrs to normal casualties. Unfortunately the explosions attract the attention of the enemy. They've spotted us & are moving in. We're trapped. Well, it's been a good life. No complaints. I got me a few commies in my time. So when Uncle Sam greets me at the pearly gates I can be sure as hell he's gonna let me inside....

j.m.



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The John Hazeltwig Society is an obversive limp wing organization which advocates the overhaul of the existing system by farce.



WE SHALL
OVERDOSE

A CHILD'S GARDEN OF FOREIGNERS



This is one big happy world.

It is full of many people.

SOME OF THEM ARE **US**

and

some of them are **Foreigners.**

This book is about them.

~~~~~

~~~~~

*We must try not to hate foreigners,
They are nice. Some of them are
very ethnic.* It is not their
fault that they are not Americans,
It is their parent's fault.*

*We should study their culture to
better understand their funny ways.*

*If we visit their country we should
learn some important native phrases*

LIKE:

¿Habla Ingles?

sprechen sie amerikahisch?

OR

Hey, Charlie, you speaky 'melican?

DO NOT BE AFRAID OF FOREIGNERS

It may help to know that they are more
afraid of you than you are of them.

this is a Mexi can

MEXICANS ARE A POOR BUT HAPPY
PEOPLE. AMERICA HELPS THEM
TO REMAIN POOR SO THEY CAN
STAY HAPPY. SOMETIMES A
MEXICAN GETS TIRED
OF BEING HAPPY. HE
BECOMES FALSELY



ATTRACTED TO THE FLASH AND GLITTER OF AMERICAN MONEY
AND SWIMS ACROSS THE RIO GRANDE TO THE U.S.A. BUT THE
AMERICANS ARE HIS FRIENDS AND SEND HIM BACK BEFORE
CAPITALISM CAN RUIN HIS PERSONALITY.

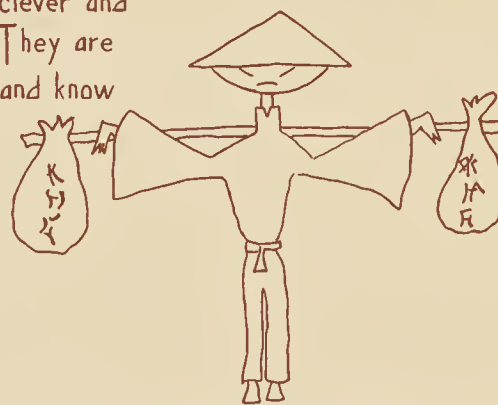
This is a German

Germans are great scientists
and are famous
for eating
sausages.
They also
like to
stand at
attention
and
click their heels.



This is a Chinaman

Chinomen are very clever and
can exist on rice. They are
very old and wise and know
the secret of life
which is why
they have the
largest population
in the world.



THIS IS AN AFRICAN NATIVE

AFRICAN NATIVES LIKE TO CARRY
BOXES ON THEIR HEADS WHILE THE
WHITE MEN HUNT ELEPHANTS.
SOMETIMES THEY GET TIRED OF
CARRYING THE WHITE MAN'S
BURDEN SO THEY SET FIRE
TO THE HOSPITALS AND
FORM A NEW NATION.



THIS IS A FRENCHMAN



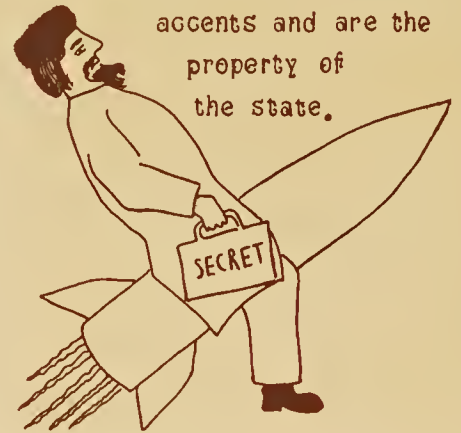
Frenchmen are great lovers
and like to eat garlic.

They live in cold
garrets and sit all
day in cafes and
drink absinthe.

THIS IS A RUSSIAN

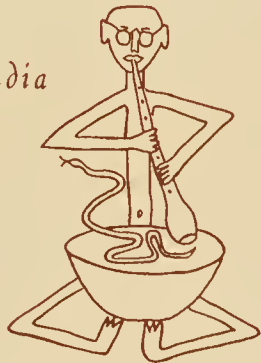
Russians are unamerican. They all have thick
accents and are the
property of
the state.

They like
to eat
borsht
and won't
let anybody
escape from
their
country.



This is an Indian from India

Indians from India
are naked and
skinny.



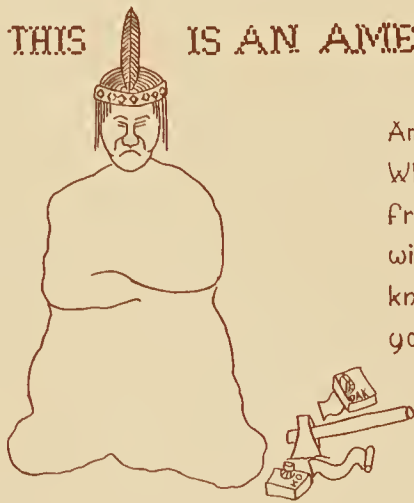
They like to
climb ropes and
work for
peace.

THIS IS AN IRISHMAN

Irishmen spend all their money in taverns so their
families have to live in thatched houses and eat
mulligan stew. They are very superstitious and
believe in fairies,
leperchauns and
the Virgin
Mary.



THIS IS AN AMERICAN INDIAN



American Indians never laugh.
When they are happy they
frown. If you laugh they
will like you because they
know that you laugh when
you are happy. The more
they frown—the more
you should laugh.

THIS IS A GREEK

ALTHOUGH THE GLORY OF THE
GREEKS IS BEHIND THEM AND
THEY OFTEN FIND THEMSELVES
FAR IN THE REAR OF OTHER
MODERN PEOPLE LET US NOT
FORGET THAT THEIR RESTAURANTS
ARE ONE OF THE WORLD'S MOST
FAMOUS LAXATIVES.



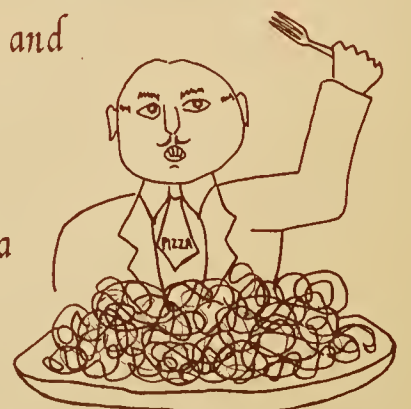
Scandinavians are
cold blooded and
believe in free
love. Some people
call them square
heads, but this is
both cruel and
untrue. Their
heads are
really long
and skinny.



THIS IS A SCANDINAVIAN

This is an Italian

Italians eat spaghetti and
get fat. When they
get too old and fat
to work for the mafia
they play bocce ball
and argue.



THIS IS A COLORED PEOPLE

We must not stereotype
Colored People. They are
not all alike. In fact,
there are two distinct types:

THE Northern AND THE Southern

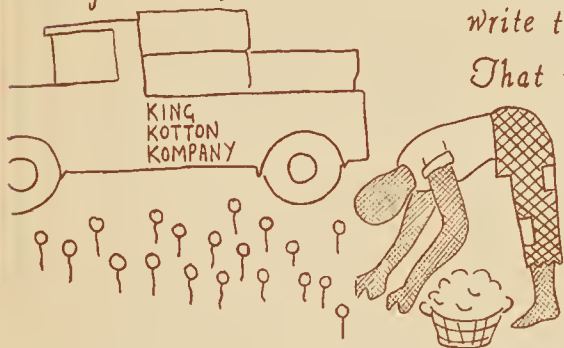


This is a Southern Colored People

Southern Colored People have given us some of our
favorite spirituals and slave songs yet cannot even
write their own names.

That is why we must
let them vote.

They have to
vote; they
can't petition.



THIS IS A PERSIAN

Although most
modern Persians are rich and boring, in the
marketplace you may still find many
interesting beggars, cripples and - if you are
lucky - an occasional leper.



This is a Northern Colored People

NORTHERN COLORED PEOPLE ARE UNDERPRIVILEGED
AND HAVE TO DRIVE THEIR CADILLACS
IN A DIRTY GHETTO.

THEY ARE MAKING ACADEMIC MILESTONES BY
DEMANDING THAT THEY ALL
BE GRANTED A PH.D. AT BIRTH
TO GIVE THEM AN EDUCATIONAL HEADSTART.



THIS IS A JAPANESE

The people of
Japan are
very nice and
friendly because
during the war we
killed off all the bad ones.

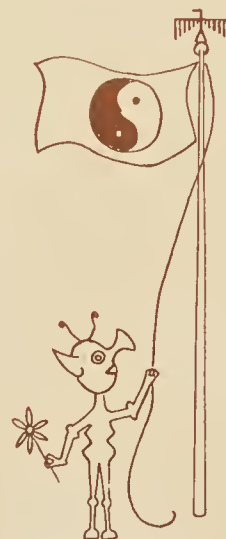


THIS IS AN ARAB

Arabs never have colds,
First, because they
live in a nice, warm
desert.
Second, because
their language
clears their throat,



REMEMBER,
EVERYBODY:
EVERYBODY'S
SOMEBODY'S
FOREIGNER.



And now let us stand at attention and sing

America the Beautiful

Y'all know the tune?

O beautiful for peace of mind
That television brings
To apathetic cabbages
Who dream of being kings.

A miracle! A miracle!
Cops spread their mace on thee
And crown the hoods with our brother's goods
And we sit quietly.

O beautiful for sonic booms
That sound across our plains
Which through the night proclaim our might
And shatter window panes.

A miracle! A miracle!
Cops set half crazed on thee
And crown thy jugs with billy clubs
And we believe we're free.

O beautiful for tolerance
Preserving human rights
For all her equal citizens
Provided they are whites.

A miracle! A miracle! etc.

O beautiful for dignity
And pride that never yields
But brings the Torch of Liberty
To Vietnamese fields.

A miracle! A miracle! etc.

O beautiful for gun control
Protecting human lives,
Disarming violent criminals
So now they're back to knives.

A miracle! A miracle! etc.

O beautiful for radiance
That shines through all our tears
With isotopes of strontium
That live a thousand years.

A miracle! A miracle! etc.



19

99



JANUARY

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Scandal For The Fear Of Love

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